



# THE WESLEYAN

Volume XXIV

No. 2



## STAFF

Editor . . . . . Ann Godwin

Associate Editors . . . . . Joan Shapiro, Pont Riley

Art Editors . . . . . Nan McClellan, Polly Rodieck

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# The Organ

By ANN GODWIN

"Of course, you're not to spread it around," said Drew, and Caroline nodded in assent. "The dean would really be upset if the rumor got around school any more than it has already. You know how it is."

"I won't tell a soul, only please tell me about it." Caroline's eyes shone with mystery and excitement. "I mean, I already know about it, so it's silly not to tell me."

"Well," Drew began, using great control to appear nonchalant. "It all started about a week ago. Up until then we were pleased with our rooms in the old faculty suite. Having a kitchen and all."

"Go on," said Caroline, squirming impatiently.

"Well, let's see: we heard the footsteps first on the stairs. Of course, we all thought it was one of our group.

We stay up such late hours studying. But after awhile, we began to realize it wasn't us, because we'd hear them when we were all in bed."

"Is that all? Why anyone can imagine footsteps. Some board or something blowing against the room."

"No. Just wait. I said we heard the footsteps first. Then it started."

"It?"

"The organ. It's right across the landing from us, Caroline, in the chapel. And somebody plays that organ every night. I've heard it." We've all heard it. Drew's eyes grew large and her jaw rigid.

"Did you tell somebody?" Carolyn asked in wonderment.

"Oh, we told the dean and the nightwatchman, but they think we're making it up. But we're not — honest. Do you think I got these dark circles under my eyes from getting lots of rest and sleep? We never go to bed. We just sit in the kitchen and drink coffee and wait for the organ. It's no use to try to sleep."

"Does it play every night? I mean—"

"Hasn't missed a night in a week. Always after midnight and always the same. Middle C, then the C chord. Then middle C again. Slowly and deliberately. Over and over again. Sometimes I think I'll go out of my mind. We all do."





"Why don't you gang up and investigate? Why all of you could handle any one person," Caroline said with confidence.

"Yes, and I'd like to see how calm and collected you'd be. We got over there once. Clear over to the door, and the music stopped, and Sandra panicked. We nearly killed ourselves getting back to the kitchen."

"Who do you suppose it is?"

"Well, that's just it. It could be anybody. Our door is the only door around. Why this whole building has access to that chapel. All those store rooms, parlors and practice rooms. Why someone could hide there all day."

Caroline shuddered. "Oh hush. I can't stand it!"

"How do you think we feel about it? And something else," Drew leaned closer and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Whoever it is is sick. We've decided they must be. Nobody in their right mind would come night after night just to play one stupid note on an organ. Even to upset a group of girls. It must offer something else."

"I wonder," said Caroline, a strange whiteness creeping along her cheeks. Then she relaxed. "Gosh, that makes me feel creepy. You know what, perhaps you ought to set a trap."

"A trap?" Drew's eyes brightened with the mystery of it all.

"Sure," said Caroline, recovered from her fear. "Why you could set something so you could find out who it is. You know how they always set cameras and stuff."

"Yes, but we don't have a camera," Drew reminded her.

"Oh, don't be silly. That wouldn't work anyway. Maybe you could—no. No, you couldn't."

"What?" Drew asked.

"Nothing," Caroline answered. "Nothing at all. Just something quite absurd that came to mind."

"Oh, come on. It may be a good idea. We'll try anything. We're desperate."

"Well, I thought maybe since you know the note, you could smear it with something. Say mascara. At least then you'd know if it was somebody. But it's a stupid idea."

"Why, Caroline, that's a good idea. In fact, we'll do it. How did you ever think of it?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm always reading stuff like that. Mysteries and the like." And she smiled a queer, half smile. "Perhaps I'm sort of a sleuth."

"Well," said Drew, "more power to you. I don't see how you find the time. You must really burn the midnight oil. You look tired, Caroline. How late were you up last night?"

"I don't remember. I have to study late," she said, immediately on the defensive. "I'm always behind. If I didn't stay up, I'd never get caught up." Her voice trembled and she swallowed hard. "I guess I'm just trying

to do too much," she finished, unconvincingly.

"I've given up," said Drew. "And if the ghost keeps up with the concerts, we may all flunk out."

"I've got to go," said Caroline. "The library is waiting to receive me with open arms." And she laughed. Drew joined her, and they followed the winding staircase to the porch below.

At the landing they parted, and the old fear followed Caroline up the library steps. Twice she looked over her shoulder, but there was no one there. A fear that somehow lodged itself in the back of her neck plagued her as she climbed. Tears came to her eyes as she thought of the organ pouring forth its ominous notes night after night.

She settled herself with her books, but the fear was still there nestled in her throat. And her heart went out to the girls. No. Not so much to the girls, for they were bound by a common spirit. They belonged. Rather her heart went out to the shadowy figure that was drawn into the chapel alone at night. Seeking something—perhaps belonging. Seeking, and yet never finding.

\* \* \*

Just how long she had been awake Caroline was not sure. Little beads of sweat broke out along her lip and trickled down her pounding temples. Even in the dorm across the courtyard, she was certain that she could hear the organ swelling. The old fear lay cold in her heart. She could no longer bear the darkness, and yet, she feared the light.

Slowly moving, she pulled herself up and flicked on the lamp beside her bed, rubbing the fog of sleep from her eyes. And then she knew. Even as she had always known deep in her troubled heart. Even as she had fought the fear engulfing her, and struggled to belong.

There they were. The blue-green stains that marched across her pillow slip. That marred the whiteness of her fingers. She began to cry. Softly at first, and then with the uncontrollable sobs of hysteria. She had been right all along.

## Nostalgia

*Come gently, Shadows . . .*

*Don't rush to my heart like you know the twisting  
path so well . . .*

*each unturned rock where the hidden soil is moist . . .*

*each blade of trampled grass . . .*

*each bough that sways rustling as you pass by.*

*Come gently . . . gently now . . .*

*it hurts less when you tiptoe.*

—Charlye Wiggins



# Big Sam Powell

By PONT RILEY

Sam Powell, according to the story, was the biggest, the bravest, and the handsomest man in Georgia—or the whole South for that matter. He stood six feet and five inches barefooted, and his shoulders were so broad that he had to turn sideways to get through the average door. His handsome face was ruddy and tan from working on the family farm, and it was said that Sam was the only man folks knew about that could handle his big black stallion, Domino. Sam had a way with the ladies, too. He could make polite conversation with them over a mint julep, and it was said that the number of girls who swooned when Sam looked at them was just too numerous to remember. However, Sam only had to look at a Yankee soldier with his deep blue eyes, which could look mighty mean, to send him trucking for a hundred miles without stopping. Yes, Sam was quite a man.

Sam was the only child in a family of eight. He was born and raised on the farm which was located near Cross Keys, just outside of Macon. His grandfather had settled there shortly after this section had been opened for settlement, leaving the family home in Virginia for greener pastures. Sam's father was just a young boy in his teens when he found himself the head of the family shortly after the arrival in Georgia. However, he was a hard worker and an efficient manager, and when he died around 1860 the family was quite prosperous. Then came the Civil War, and Sam was, at 24, responsible for the welfare of his mother and brothers and sister. My great-grandfather was the youngest.

Sam, as I said before, was the bravest man in Georgia, so nothing would do but that he must be a blockade runner—which he did. Sam was gone for long periods of time, and in two years he had made a sizeable fortune. Sam was smart though. He didn't buy Confederate bonds, although he did donate gold to the cause. He also hid the gold so that when the war was over, the Powells were not destitute.

Sam was a restless sort of person, and he decided to quit being a blockade runner and joined the army. Besides, he wanted to get his hands on those Yankees. So, one bright morning Sam and Domino rode off to join General Lee. However, as strong as Sam was, he was, unfortunately, no match for the two hundred Yankees who were sent to capture him. You see, Sam Powell was one of the most desired southerners in the whole Confederate army. Subsequently, Sam was put in prison where he could do no damage. According to the story, Sam's imprisonment did as much to boost the morale of the Yankees as Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

When the war was over, Sam was released and returned to Georgia.



At home, he found things pretty bad, and he saw a chance to help folks out some. Once more he was generous with his money and did a lot of good in and around Macon. He saw that his brothers and sisters got good educations and then he saw the girls married to respectable men and the boys settled in business. My great-grandfather became a banker.

Then Sam got restless again. One night while he was in Hawkinsville he decided to catch up on all the drinking he had missed while in prison. As the story goes, the sheriff and the deputies joined him, but when Sam got too hot to handle they put him in jail. Now this made Sam angry, so he tore down the jail and escaped.

That was just one incident, or rather the beginning of Sam's career. He never did anything that was really bad, but the rest of the family began to worry about Sam. He shouldn't have acted the way he did. Sam wouldn't settle down or get married. Instead he just roamed the countryside doing exactly as he pleased. The ladies still thought he was wonderful and the men thought he was a sport, but pretty soon the tongues began to wag and folks started shaking their heads. It was fairly obvious that Sam was disgracing his family. So, the family asked Sam to leave, and they struck his name from the family Bible.

Sam then went to Florida. Some say he settled in north Florida around the Tallahassee region, but some think he went further south in the center of the state. At any rate, nobody heard from Sam until about 1910. By this time Sam was an old man, and my great-grandfather was still a banker in Macon. One day he received a letter from Sam, who had by this time assumed another name, asking my great-grandfather to come to see him. He went and was gone for a long time. When he came back to Macon, Sam Powell was no more.

To this very day nobody is sure what happened to Sam Powell. My great-grandfather told his daughter, my aunt, what happened to Sam, but she hasn't told a soul. And, since she probably never will, nobody will ever really know what happened to big Sam Powell, the handsomest man in Georgia.

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## Spring Shadows

*Oblong shapes of the afternoon . . .*

*blocky, rough;*

*blue shadows . . . lean, hungry . . .*

*a parasitic blue that thrives on shade,*

*becoming purple when their thirst is slaked . . .*

*then fading into night*

*like long black ghosts that waver under the glow of a hazy moon*

—Charlye Wiggins

## Mist Through a Window

*It must be kept, this magic  
found in a day when mists  
make ghost-shadows from trees  
and leave them marching on  
against no background,  
only a whist of substance.*

*It must be found at varied times  
in rain  
beating its song on grey tin  
roofs,  
and in early morning cries  
of phantoms who  
plead their forsaken wares  
to a world breathing with life.*

*It must be found in a hand offered.*

*Of two,  
not  
one.*

*Of tires and steam rising from  
hot pavements  
to meet the blaring sun  
and*

*Voices in smoke ,  
or behind the flickering flames  
made by candles.*

*It is the moment, not era;  
the real perhaps swirled into a glittering  
dream.*

*Yet always from out this month,  
year*

*day,  
the something that turns  
hours into more than just  
lightness and darkness  
is there.*

*And*

*magic dies only when forgotten.*

*—Harriet Hope*





## To My Horse

*No, not yet. Don't yet unleash the frightening power  
Of your gallop. Please, please, my horse, not yet!  
Don't arch your neck with such determined spirit.  
Don't prance with such impetuosity. Not yet!*

*I know; I see the field before us, wide and rolling,  
Invitation to wild running. No, not yet.  
I fear I cannot hold the fire of your wildness.  
Wait till we are one in mad desire. Not yet.*

*I see strange shapes all lurking in that meadow.  
You'll shy at fleeting shadows, horse. Not yet!  
Or then perhaps you'll stumble while you're running, horse,  
And hurt us both. Oh please, don't run. Not yet!*

*Don't toss your head in wild demanding!  
Uncoil those muscles poised for running.  
I know the promise of your prancing,  
I know the feel of wind and running—  
Oh, yes, my horse, unleash your power!  
With one surging bound start running,  
Gallop, horse! No thoughts of caution.  
The wind! the speed! Look, nothing stops us!  
No, don't stop. Forever gallop.  
Please don't stop, my horse, not yet!*

—Virginia Talbot



# Dream Eyes

By ANGE HINRICHS

Hi, there! I'm Patsy Lowry. I'm not really a pretty girl, but I'm made up of pretty parts. My hair is not quite shoulder length, wavy, always a little mussed and the color of alfalfa honey. My eyes are green with tiny flecks of amber near the pupils. My nose is a little large with an incongruous turned-up tip. My skin is one of those light pink cameo colors that poets love. The rest of me is a little stocky looking. I was built in blocks, I guess. But, really, each piece of me is rather finely made.

When Dad died he left me his luncheon business. That's a rather unusual inheritance for a nineteen-year-old girl who's living in a rough and ready frontier town I guess, but Dad knew I'd tried to learn how to run the business before the accident, just for fun. He didn't have time to teach me any more about it, or any other way to support myself until I married, so it really isn't odd. The inheritance that is. Besides, Dad knew I have a pretty good head for figures and a pretty good—well, business personality, I guess you'd call it. Then, too, all the boys like to hang around. I'm real friendly to them, but I don't love any of them.

It wasn't long after I'd taken over the business that I had a funny dream. I was still new at my job, so I used to think of it at night, too. Well, one night I dreamed I was working just as usual. All the boys were hanging around, making bets on one thing and another. Jim bet John that Paint could outrun Lightning. Richard bet all the boys that I could out-cook any girl in town. Then Ralph bet Roger that Smoky could cut out a calf quicker than Devil. You know, just boy bets. I don't bet myself. It's too risky. But suddenly I had a feeling I'd like to bet a dollar on something. I didn't care what. Just—I wanted to bet on something. So I took a silver dollar out of the cash register. It was band new and shiny. I remember holding it in my hand and reading the words *E Pluribus Unum* and wondering what it meant. And I looked at the date, too. 1870. Then I turned it over and read, "United States of America." I felt the weight of it. It was nice and heavy. Suddenly Richard noticed me. If he hadn't seen me then, I don't think I'd have bet, but he called out, "Hey Patsy, whatcha' doin'? Fixin' to bet, too?"

I don't know why but I sang back. "Yes. I bet I can scramble some eggs so you'll like 'em." He hates scrambled eggs.

Well, the bet was on. One silver dollar against another. He said he'd be honest if he liked them. So I went to work. There are lots of tricks in

a good cook's bag and I pulled out something that was almost a cheese omelet. I won that bet.

Then my dream got real weird. I kept on betting over a period of time. I never bet except when I had that funny feeling. I had to be matched in silver dollars. I'd always bet on silly things, I'd always bet winner take all, and I always used the same money I'd won, so I doubled the stakes each time. Sometimes I'd bet on a horse, sometimes that a certain person would come in, sometimes that I'd make a particular sale, everything. Once I even bet that a black cat would cross John's path when he went for his horse. The boys always knew when I was ready to bet, 'cause I'd pick a silver dollar and look at it in what they called my "bettin' way."

It wasn't too many bets before I had a pretty considerable amount of money. Somehow I always won. If I'd ever have lost I'd have never bet again, but I just used that same money, and I got a little scared when it got big.

Then one day I was in the back, cooking. It was a hot day and I was tired. I felt—well, like a new hat would've made me feel better. When I came out front again a stranger had walked in. He was pretty tall, and had dark wavy hair, but it was his eyes that made me really notice him. They were the kind that are blue or grey, depending on what you wear, and they had a sort of, well, forcefulness about them, but also a lot of kindness. You felt like he was going to have his way, but that you'd want him too. I caught myself thinking that if he ever looked at a girl with love and passion in those eyes, she'd say "I do" as quick as she could.

He was sort of quiet, but when I went to see what he wanted he started teasing me about my menu. He made me feel good, even though he told me that I didn't offer what the cities he'd been in could offer. Something about the way he acted made me like him. I got a funny feeling that he was someone very familiar to me. But I couldn't think where I could have met him.

He was still there when I got that betting feeling. I got out my silver dollar and when the boys started to tease me he walked over and asked what it was all about. The boys told him the whole story, and then he turned to me and said, "I'll bet with you."

He had his stake so I said "O.K."

He made the bet. Before, I always had. But he just said, "I bet I'll win the money, the business and you for my wife." Then he looked at me with such a look of need, longing, past pain, future hope, and just plain love that I blushed and pushed all my money across the counter to him.

Well, that was my dream. I woke up and forgot the whole thing. But—well, I didn't forget those eyes for a long time. Anyhow, I finally did forget them too. It was such a silly dream.



A few months later I was watching the boys bet. I'd been cooking and I was hot. Suddenly, for the first time, when I was awake I felt that impulse to bet. I got out a dollar and looked at it. I still didn't remember dream. Suddenly Richard sang out, "Hey, Patsy, whatcha' doin'? Fixin' to bet? I'll bet you can fix me a dish I don't like so good that I'll like it."

That did it. I sure did intend to win that bet, so I called back "Scrambled eggs, coming right up!" It was then I noticed his eyes. They were so familiar. While I stared, I remembered my dream, and then I knew—Richard was my stranger.

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## A Wonderful Time

By JULIA STILLWELL

The flashy jukebox blared out the music. Sounds of tinkling, tinny laughter and screeching party horns made the room even noisier.

"Boy, is this party ever going to be great!", my date told me enthusiastically, as we joined the crowd.

"Hey there, Mary! I haven't seen you in such a long time. How are you? How's school. You look so good," Sally gushed on. "Isn't this the greatest party?"

"It's just fabulous," I gushed too.

The little people that wanted to be big mixed their drinks with a flourish and flicked their cigarettes with sophistication. Pam's date sneaked up behind her and blew his horn in her ear. She jumped and squealed, and everybody thought she was so cute. Janet pouted prettily because somebody mashed her party hat. Sam staggered about the room entangling himself in the brightly colored crepe paper streamers as he popped all the balloons with the lighted end of his cigarette.

"Honestly, that boy's the funniest when he gets drunk," Sally exclaimed. I agreed, and we both laughed.

The regular fellas drank on, curses mixed with the increasing din. Somebody knocked over a bottle. Whiskey soaked the bits of crepe paper on the floor and made a soggy mess. Peggy and I chatted while her date went to get another drink.

"Isn't this the wildest party?" she whispered breathlessly. "It's just the worst!" she said discreetly in her right voice—a blend of neither too much feeling of approval nor too much tone of shock.

Everybody laughed, and everybody danced, and everybody had a fabulous time. All the girls talked just alike, and flirted just alike, and dressed just alike, and smiled a chiseled smile just alike.

When my date and I left, I smiled my chiseled smile and told everybody goodbye. "Y'all, the party was just great! I had a fabulous time."



# The Voice of Eternity

By ARLINE ATKINS

My name is Bill Carson. I'm an architect by trade, and only write when I've been through an odd experience. That's why I'm writing this. I want you to know about Marcia.

Being an architect I have a mind for details, so I remember that it was just seven weeks ago that I first saw her. It was a late Sunday afternoon and I'd gone to the beach for a quick dip before supper. It had been a beautiful day, bright and hot, but not uncomfortable. When I got there the water was dark blue like it is in the late afternoon before the sun quietly slips behind the trees giving way to dusk.

I had just come out of the water when I saw her. My eyes burned with salt and I rubbed them two or three times in an effort to know if I were really seeing what was before me. It's hard to explain the way I felt—it was almost like I'd seen her somewhere before, but I knew I hadn't. I suppose she knew I was staring at her for she paused and looked at me. It was only a fleeting look, but I could tell that she had experienced the same feeling. She turned away and abruptly walked down the beach to her towel, picked it up, and moved off in a crowd of people who were filing to the steps. I tried to follow her, but she caught a mainland bus before I could reach her.

I walked back to my blanket and sat down to dry off a little before getting in the car. I couldn't get her off my mind or the way I felt when I saw her. That brief acknowledgment of recognition puzzled me, and I racked my brain trying to think where I could have known her. When I left, a solitary star was twinkling in the purple dusk. It seemed to say, "I know."

All that week I thought about her, in fact, she almost cost me my job. Mr. Barton, the man I work for, was getting impatient over the plans for an addition to the clinic, but I just couldn't collect myself or get interested in my work.

It was an age before Sunday rolled around. I went to the beach after lunch, and walked as far north as the Beach Club and then back to the pier looking for her. I had given up hope of her being there, and was fixing to leave when I saw her standing at the head of the steps. I sat down again and watched her as she came slowly down the stairway and walked down to the beach. There was a certain detached air about her as she picked her way through the crowd. I saw more than a few heads turn as she passed. Maybe it was the way she walked—not the plodding walk of most people plowing through sand. One movement flowed gracefully into another making her seem to glide. It was rough that day, and the fluidity of her



actions was made more distinct as the sea crashed on the dumb sand. I watched her a long time trying to figure out what it was that made her different. It wasn't that she was the type to stand out in a crowd, rather she stood apart from them.

I wanted to speak to her, to ask where we had known each other, yet, something held me back. She was the kind of person who made you anxious to know more about her, but held you off at the same time. Finally, I walked over to her and introduced myself. I'm not in the habit of picking up girls, so it was no wonder that I blushed when she refused to talk with me. I took the hint, mumbled excuse me, and walked off down the beach. Cursing myself for making such a blunder of a chance to speak to her, I went as far as the jetties. When I came back she was gone.

The next week was even slower than the last; I found myself barely able to wait till the week-end arrived. Mac and his wife dropped by the apartment after church, so I was delayed in getting away as soon I planned. I'm afraid I was terribly abrupt with Mac and Sally; they looked rather puzzled when they left. As soon as I shut the door behind them, I hurried into my trunks and headed for the beach. The bridges were up and I had to wait on a tug and three barges to pass. I impatiently smoked a cigarette, and decided then and there that draw bridges were definitely out of date. When I pulled into a parking place, I saw her just starting to go down the stairs. I had that odd feeling again; my stomach twinged like I was in an elevator.

I stopped at the beach house and spoke to Sam, the life guard. I guess he must have noticed that I was looking at her the whole time he was talking because he said, "Hey, Bill, you're not getting mixed up with her are you?"

"What do you mean?" I flashed back, trying not to sound as irritated as I felt.

"You're wasting your time, Buddy. She won't have anything to do with anyone. She's made lots of guys look stupid."

"What do you know about her?" I asked, simmering down considerably.

"Nuthin, absolutely nuthin. We call her Marcia, though. Somehow it just seems to fit her."

I couldn't help but agree, and after asking if there were an undertow, made my way toward Marcia.

I put my things down and introduced myself again. Still no answer, only that questioning look. I was beginning to see what Sam meant about the cold shoulder. But I was determined not to give up this time, so I stretched my towel out and sat down. She didn't appear offended so I kept talking to her, hoping she would eventually thaw out. I guess I said some pretty stupid things because every now and then she'd look at me with a faint smile on her lips. She didn't smile with her lips so much as with her eyes though, and when she would look at me, I felt as though she were



looking straight through to my soul. At those moments something passed between us—it was like getting a spark when striking a match.

She stayed about an hour, and then without explanation gathered her shoes and towel, and left. Only when she had gone did I realize how happy I had been.

This was the beginning of several Sundays spent like that at the beach together. I tried to date her, but she'd never give an inch. I still had to do all the talking, but somehow I didn't mind. She didn't need to say words. She spoke with the multitude of expressions which flitted across her face from time to time, provoking long periods of silence. But it was a comfortable silence. I felt sorry for those around us who found it necessary to talk.

I looked forward to those Sunday afternoon meetings all week. She was so wholly different from anyone else I had ever known. I felt perhaps she was my other self; she seemed to understand and read my thoughts before I said them. I can't explain the calmness or peace that I felt when I was around her. It silently seeped into my being and laid a gentle hand on all the cares that were there.

Friday was the boss's birthday so I couldn't get out of going to a surprise party for him. I'd always looked forward to parties before, but somehow this one seemed flat. I couldn't help but notice the emptiness of the conversations or the shallowness of the few thoughts that were circulated. I kept wishing Marcia were there—she could mellow the tinniness that pervaded the atmosphere. But right away I knew the people wouldn't fit and would feel out of place.

The following Sunday I packed a lunch for us, and we walked toward the jetties where we could get away from the noise of the crowd. She smiled at the way I had left the sandwiches uncut. I thought, but not for the first time since meeting her, that I had been a bachelor too long. In spite of our weekly meetings there was still that air of mystery about her, of where I had known her, and who she was. I kept thinking of Wordsworth's "Ode to Intimations on Immortality." Maybe I had known her somewhere a long time ago—before I had known myself.

When we parted that day I wanted to go after her, but again something in her look said no. She had just left when a screaming gull flew low over her head and made its way out to sea. She stopped and gave it a curious glance before going on. In a moment, I was alone.

It was Tuesday of the sixth week I had known her. I had stayed late at the office finishing up some house plans, so I decided to ride by the beach and relax a little before going home. It was a fairly dark night and just windy enough to send an occasional cloud across the sliver of moon that remained. For some reason, I found myself at the pier, and stopping to buy some cigarettes, walked out about midway. I've always like to hear



the waves break against the shore, but as they slapped against the pier I thought for the first time how wholesome they sounded.

I don't know how long I was there, maybe forty-five minutes. But the longer I stayed, the more restless I felt. Glancing at the end of the pier, I turned to go. Something caught my eye at the far end—it looked like Marcia—but a cloud scudded across the moon, and in the darkness I couldn't tell. I thought, "Bill, my boy, you're overdue for a vacation. Next thing you know you'll be seeing ghosts. What you need is a good night's rest."

The wind had picked up quite a bit so I turned up my collar, walked back to the car, and drove home. I couldn't help wondering if that were Marcia I saw on the pier. But then, what would she be doing out there at that time of night?

I overslept the next morning and only had time to catch a cup of coffee at the drugstore before dashing to the office. Outside, I heard a muffled shout of, "Read all about it!" I paid for the coffee and hurriedly bought a paper. When I saw the headlines I stopped, then slowly walked on. DEAF MUTE ENDS LIFE IN LEAP FROM PIER." There was no need to read further. I knew all there was to know about Marcia.

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## The Gods Bowed Low

*The gods bowed low from Mount Olympus  
And stooped to touch my eager upturned face.  
The sun shone and I knew my Jove  
Had deigned to smile on me.  
We spent bright days, my Jove and I,  
On vast Olympian heights  
Where mortal feet but rarely tread.  
But dark clouds came, shrouding Olympus' peak,  
And I was wont to seek mortal companionship,  
In this, my mortal realm.*

*Venus saw my tears and begged of Mars a warrior.  
A mighty man made great by earthly fears and earthly failings,  
He suffered not from god-like pride.  
But wait! My heart was given to the gods,  
To Jove—who tossed it high and watched it fall  
As thunderbolts hurled from Heaven to earth  
That splot and shatter at every touch of this terrestrial sphere  
And laughed to see the agony he caused.*

*The warrior of Mars reached out with strong, assuring arms  
And slowly turned my tearful gaze away from bright Olympian heights,  
Showing me, as in a mirror, harmlessly reflected there  
Dazzling Jove's unsteady light and there too, Mars and golden Venus  
Shining with more certain light and closer  
Understanding more a mortal's terrors and a mortal's love.*

*And as I turned I saw the son of Mars in all his human glory.  
No more of dreams of gods and godlike lovers  
With gratitude I felt the warmth of human love  
And in amazement felt myself respond with new awareness.  
I gazed once more at the now distant mountain peak  
And wondered that I ever loathed to leave the vision  
Of that all-too-brilliant, storm-tossed pinnacle.  
My warrior spoke and with my answer ready, I smiled  
And pledged my heart to him for all eternity.*

*And Jove had only left to him his thunderbolts  
With which to play his fatal sport.  
My heart was safe, in mortal hands.*

—Nan McClellan and Joan Shapiro

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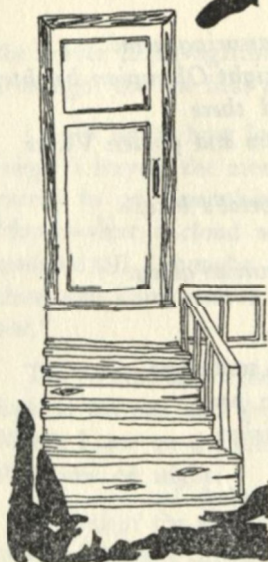
## Loneliness

By MYRTICE RUMBLE

The loneliness of the night closed around her, and she fought the swelling lump in her throat. The lighted windows of the shops reflected the damp, rainy night. She shuffled forward and pulled her coat more tightly about her to keep out the steady, cold rain. Another window—the lights gave the false impression of warmth.

She thought again of her friends at home, and the lump in her throat became more prominent. Her new acquaintances did not fill the emptiness of her life in the new town. Suddenly she felt the presence of someone behind her. Too frightened to face the stranger, she walked quickly away. The stranger followed her, and as her panic increased, she began to run—but he followed still. She stopped and quickly turned to face him. He stood there looking at her with two of the most sympathetic eyes that she had ever seen. She held out her hand, and he carefully walked toward her. She bent down and picked up the wet little puppy, who happily licked the face of his new friend.





## Dark Corners

By MARTHA CARTER

A little boy with a dirty face and dirtier hands walked slowly up the dimly-lit stairs. He paused briefly on the third landing to look back. "Steep, steep stairs," he thought. He turned to climb to the next landing and fondled the little blue truck that was dirty and streaked from grimy, sweaty hands. He made a little road out of the banister as he pushed the blue truck toward his fourth floor apartment. "Zoodin' zoodin' erk, schreech," he shrilled as he slammed on his imaginary brakes. He climbed the last stair and looked back again at the steps stretching dark and empty to the hall below. The light from the yellow bulb seemed all diffused in one place. The corners were dark and foreboding to a little boy of six. "Steep, steep, stairs and dark corners," he muttered. A woman's head emerged from a doorway on the third landing. A tall bony woman appeared carrying an ash can. She put the bent can on the landing and paused to wipe the sweat from her yellow, wrinkled face. "Miz Kapnias is putting out ashes," he said softly. He turned towards his own door.

"Hello, Jackie, what have you been doing?"

"Mama, guess what? A man down on the street gave me four million dollars."

"Oh?" The slight woman in the flowered house dress was not surprised. "Well, where is it?"

"Buried."

"Oh, I see." The little boy drove his truck over the window sill and across the wall, "Zoom, zoom, erk screech-eeeeech. Mama?"

"Yes, Jackie?"

"A jet plane landed on Pennsylvania Avenue a little while ago. I saw it," he stated.

"Uh-huh, and fourteen men in purple suits got out with big machine guns in their hands, didn't they son?"

"How did you know?"

Jackie heard the clatter of bottles out on the landing. He opened the door and peered at the man in the white suit who was busy studying a milk route. "Hello, milkman. My daddy is in the oil business. He's a movie star, too, like Lash LaRue."

"Really?" the milkman seemed interested.

"Yeah. He has a blue truck just like this one, only for real."

"What for?"

"To take me to the beach in. The waves go crash-boom."

"O.K." The milkman carried the wire milk holder to the steps. He turned and smiled at the little boy who was frantically driving the blue truck around imaginary mountain curves. "Watch out for lions," he said gently. He hurried down the steps and disappeared through the doorway. "Steep, steep, steps."

In a few minutes, Jackie saw his father climbing the stairs. "Hi, pop!"

"Hello, Jackie. Hey, now, I'm tired, don't hang on to me."

"O.K. Hey, did you know that the Mercy Hospital burned down today, and burned a heap of sick people?"

"No, it didn't, and how many times have I told you to quit telling lies?" He closed the door, behind him. "Daddy's home," the little boy said almost inaudibly.

Jackie drove his little truck across the narrow landing and screeched on the brakes at the edge of the stair. He heard voices behind the door on the third landing. "Miz Kapnias is fussing with Joe again." The door opened and the yellowish woman walked out on the stairs. "Get out. Get out of my apartment this minute." Now there was a man on the landing, too. "You go to hell," he said and raised his hand toward the sweaty, yellow Miz Kapnias.

She stepped back. Jackie screamed, "Look out for the ash can!" but no sound came. He watched, fascinated as Miz Kapnias rolled over and over on the steps. He heard the sound of bones crackling, and wondered why she did not cry out. "Crackle, bump, thud, crackle, bump, pow!" he whispered as the woman's body touched the last step. "Joe is scared. Joe is running away." He said quietly.

Finally, he turned and drove his little blue truck across the threshold of the apartment. "Guess what?" he said to the woman in flowered house dress.

"What?"

"Joe just pushed Miz Kapnias down the steps. Killed her."

Jackie's mother shook her head sadly and turned toward her husband who had almost dozed off on the green striped sofa. "What an imagination that boy has," she said softly.



# Sorority Bid

By ANNE STEWART

"Will the meeting please come to order?" Cathy Amherst called over the excited babble of teenage chatter which filled the room.

Instantly every voice was still, quieted by the tension which seemed to control their existence on this day. This was an important meeting. Every member of Delta Sigma Sorority knew that. It was the end of the rushing season, the time when each society at Winburn High proved its mettle. Some clubs had roaring arguments on the day they selected new pledges and split into rifts which sometimes lasted for years. But not Delta Sigma. Its members were truly "sisters" and the entire school knew it. Nevertheless, they were somewhat apprehensive of the outcome of this meeting, for there was one girl on the list who "just couldn't be bid," according to some; and who "must be bid," in the opinion of others.

"Well, this is the day," Cathy said, dreading the whole meeting. "Today we discuss and vote on new members. But please think carefully about the rushees before you comment on them. It's so important that we keep our good reputation at Winburn. The first name on the list is Meryl Anderson. . ."

"Oh, I like her . . ."

"She definitely belongs . . ."

"Just the type we want . . ."

Murmurs of assent expressed by almost the entire group put Meryl on the bid list. With only a few disagreements and a minimum of discord the remainder of the meeting clicked off smoothly. But everyone knew the name would come up sooner or later.

When Cathy had postponed it as long as she could, she read in an uncertain voice: "Ellen Gordy."

There it was. They had to face it now, make some kind of decision. Ever since Delta Sigma had rushed her, Ellen's name had been linked with that of the sorority. Now that the club was actually confronted with the

problem of whether or not to bid her, its members were alarmingly silent. Tension filled the room. Every girl was quiet, anxiously waiting for another member to speak. Finally:

"Well, I like her!" someone blurted.

"I do too!" a voice echoed strongly.

"But think what she would do to our reputation . . ."

"Yeah, she just doesn't fit in with the rest of us."

"All the other sororities think we're crazy because we rushed her. What would they say if we gave her a bid?"

"But she's such a grand kid. The sophomore class would never have won the basketball tournament without her."

"She's a credit to Winburn High."

"She wouldn't be a credit to Delta Sigma."

"But look how much time and work she put on the stunt!"

"She's such a likeable person . . ."

"If she just didn't live on Monroe Street. I couldn't bear to go to her house for a meeting."

"She'd probably feel uncomfortable if she did join."

Over and over—the same arguments—nobody changing sides—the discussion wore on for at least an hour. Finally Cathy interrupted with a pleading sigh:

"Aren't you ready to vote now?"

"Might as well," the group agreed.

"By secret ballot," someone suggested.

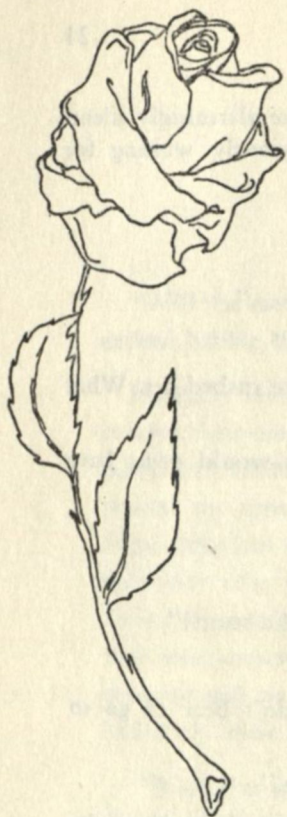
The little white slips were distributed. Then each girl hastily scribbled and folded, dropping her ballot in the Amherst's green china dish as she went out.

Delta Sigma met again the next afternoon, this time to distribute the bids. Family cars, borrowed for the afternoon, were festively covered in green and white crepe paper streamers. Spirits were high as the exuberant group cruised around town, speeding through red lights with their police escorts, delivering anxiously awaited sorority bids to thrilled and ecstatic girls. The horns quieted, the spirits sobered, however, as the train turned into Monroe Street.

Stopping at a weather-beaten, white clapboard house, Cathy, in the lead car, saw a peering face jerk quickly away from the window. With all of Delta Sigma behind her, Cathy walked up the steps to meet a tearful but joyful Ellen.

"We're so happy Ellen. You're our 'sister' now." Cathy smiled as she clasped the black hand in her own.





## To My Rose

*I saw a rose growing in a garden  
And it was beautiful. I gave the rose my heart.  
That first bright glimpse of fragile yellow petals—  
I loved it, I adored it from the start.*

*I bowed before my rose as to an idol.  
I worshipped its perfection, sang its worth.  
I knew that I would turn to it, adoring,  
From anywhere I chanced to be on earth.*

*I stayed beside my rose whenever able,  
I loved to care for it, to watch it grow.  
And when I left my rose my heart was heavy  
With longing to be near its golden glow.*

*And then one day I chanced upon a tulip.  
I barely noticed—the rose had my heart.  
And yet it had a graceful, queenly carriage  
A stateliness and pride on every part.*

*It had no scent. The petals were not many.  
Nor was its texture pretty and I thought  
I'd watch the tulip a short while and maybe  
I'd learn from it the secret it had caught.*

*And as I gazed within its waxen petals,  
Deep in that purely white inverted bowl,  
I found the answer to the flower's secret.  
Deep in its heart my tulip had a soul.*

*And so, in time, I grew to love my tulip,  
Love her with all my heart, I always will.  
But oh, my beautiful, my golden rose,  
I loved you once. Know that I love you still.*

—Joan Shapiro

# Late Date

By BETTY HORE

Use the memory of thy predecessor fairly . . .

Jane finished applying her lipstick and turned to confront her roommate.

"Well, how do I look? Slip showing? Seams straight?" Jane did a few fast twirls.

"Superb! A fairer queen I hope never to behold!" sang out Carol, her English major roommate. She was sitting on the bed, languidly puffing on a Viceroy.

"OK, Chaucer's inmate! Well, I guess I've kept Romeo waiting long enough. We'll dig ya' later, pal. Don't get in any trouble!"

"Oh, same to ya' and have fun, roomy Jane. Hey, you reckon he'll notice that you've lost five pounds?"

Jane threw the nearest scatter pillow at the chuckling girl and ran out the door.

\* \* \*

Jane jabbed furiously at her mouth with the lipstick. She glanced at Carol in her usual position on the bed.

"I think he has his nerve asking *her* out for a coke during that exam! You just wait'll tonight. I've got enough on the 'ex' of his to get her expelled from school."

"Now, look, Jane." Carol tried to be firm. "It just proves he doesn't like her any more. Just think if he went around all closed-mouth about her all the time. Man! that's the time I'd *really* get worried!"

"That's ok for *you* to think. But how do you think *I* feel? After I had told everybody how much he hated her and then! right in front of God and everybody he escorts her out to get a coke." Jane paced the floor.

"Oh, now wait just one dadgum minute.." Carol stood up. "I just happen to take Chem. Lab too, don't forget, and they just accidentally met on the way out. Don't be so Victorian, Jane. It would've been pure rudeness to ignore her the way *you* wanted him to do."



"Say, whose side are you on, anyway?" Jane's hands were on her hips. "If he wanted a coke so bad he could've asked *me*."

Jane flipped her long, brown hair. "Well, I better go."

Carol handed the coat to Jane and followed her to the door. "Jane."

"Yeah."

"Remember, don' do nuthin' you' gone be sorry fo'."

Jane forced a grin and messed up her roomy's hair.

"Ok, idiot. I'm just gonna tell 'em a few things about the wench he got the coke with. See ya."

Carol sighed and lounged back on the bed.

\* \* \*

Jane slowly blotted her lipstick and half-heartedly lit a cigarette.

"He's never been this late before, Carol. You don't suppose anything's happened, do ya'?"

"Aw, now, honey. You just relax. I've been thinkin' that boy was too punctual to be true anyway."

Carol walked over to pat Jane's head.

"He sure did act funny last night. He didn't mention our date tonight but I just took it for granted. You don't suppose he forgot, do ya', Carol?"

"Of course not, baby. He's just a few minutes late. Now for heaven's sake, relax, relax!" Carol had settled herself on the bed again.

"Carol, you're a sweetie to keep my chin up this way."

"Yeah, all five of 'em!" grinned the tow-head.

"I'm trying to ignore you." But Jane suddenly became serious again. "He didn't say very much during my accusations last night. Sort of took it meekly. In fact the only thing he did say was something about jealousy didn't become me. Of course I told him I wasn't jealous. That I was just trying to protect him from that conniving she-wolf. Well, it was about time to come in, then, and, Carol, he was so sweet. He was so gentle and he smiled so-o nice when he said goodnight. Of course, he didn't sound exactly the same. I mean I expected him to be real violent."

A knock on the door broke off the conversation.

"Jane, telephone's for you. Didn't you hear me yell?" Jackie, the girl next door, was the messenger.

"Gee, I wonder who . . . be back in a jiff, roomy. Thanks, Jack."

A few minutes later, Jane walked slowly into the room.

"That was his roommate," she explained, blinking rapidly. "He said Ronnie wouldn't be able to make it tonight. Something about a former engagement he had forgotten about. Oh, Carol!"

Jane threw herself on the bed. Her shoulders shook with sobs. Carol lighted a Viceroy. She sat down by Jane and gently smoothed the long, brown hair away from the smeared mouth.

# Truth

By ANNE NALLS

*Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves?—Bacon.*

The truth is a weighty sword, striking more mightily than a thousand steel blades, clamoring more loudly than a thousand voices, and destroying more cruelly than an atom bomb; for an atom bomb destroys merely a man's body, whereas truth may destroy his mind. The removal of a man's body reveals to the world the physicalness of his existence; the removal of his mental fortresses reveals to himself the pettiness of that existence. A man's mind is laid bare before himself, a poor and shrunken thing and infinitely unpleasing to himself. Yes, some of God's creatures are too weak to be strong, too childish to be men. The sword of truth forms a weight upon their backs, crushing, relentlessly destroying the shell about their nothingness.

The father of the modern theatre, the Norwegian Ibsen, lashed at his over-zealous followers for their stark realism and unrelentless, naked truth in one of his latter plays, *The Wild Duck*. Gregers, a disciple of the new truth, is unwilling to allow the apparently happy Ekdal household to rock along on treacherous foundations of falsehoods and illusions. The uncompromising young man blunderingly reveals to the husband that the wife enjoys extramarital "excursions," and that the daughter, Hedvig, around whom his world revolves, is not his own. By dragging this cesspool out for airing, the idealistic student thinks to destroy the falsehood and establish the marriage on a sound basis. But instead of repentance, the wife displays only hatred for the student and contempt for her husband. The husband, unable to accept reality, withdraws into the fantasy-world of inebriation. The sensitive and heretofore protected Hedvig commits suicide.

So what has truth accomplished? Some are capable of achieving their only happiness wrapped in their vain outer garments of illusions.

Yet for some there is more. A "something" lies hidden, like a body beautiful in its simplicity, cluttered with such tacked-on devices of superficial beauty as clothes, lipstick, and fine airs. Great things are best left



unhampered by aids less great than they, left free to be their own strengths. And these strengths must be allowed, encouraged, or even forced to develop. Nothing approaches tragedy so insistently as a great potential wasted for lack of usage. The bare possibility of a calling to greatness which, as in the untold tale of the country churchyard, sleeps unanswered forever echoes a deep sadness. Further, the frustrated emptiness from the unfulfilled genius of a Lycidas or a James Dean tears the very roots from the emotional soul. Because in this world each must invest his one, five, or especially his ten talents.

As surely as a weak mind faints and is crushed by unsoftened reality, so a strong mind grows and develops with the exercise. A man who conquers vain opinions learns to face himself squarely and fearlessly; who demolishes flattering hopes hews a solid working ground for himself in society; and who discards false valuations gazes with unfaltering eyes upon his god.